

Dick Powell

I saw him in Hollywood yesterday and I asked him why he even considered acting in those little T.V. dramas where he was cast as a farmer and some tow-headed little bastard who wanted to grow up to be a potato called him Pa and he was too old to ever get the creamy ingenue,

And whatever happened to the Dick Powell everybody loved in "Gold Diggers of 1933" where Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell never wore bras but he was too cool to fall for that because all he wanted to do was tickle those ivories.

He didn't answer, of course, just stared until I turned to leave. Then he came for me.

The police separated us eventually and I apologized for being rude and he mumbled something about unusual pressures.

But that was days ago and I should have forgotten all about it but at night and sometimes in the afternoons and even as I write this I can still feel those cold, yellow teeth in my bones.

-- Ronald Koertge

Pasadena, CA

A Left Hand Of Love

in a chipped and ketchupped cafe
near Waterloo Station
I sat opposite a man an ugly customer
of middle age and I could not help
but notice his glass eye
and the word 'Love' tattooed in faded letters
on the fingers of his left hand

In His Youth

in childhood he exemplified
the last word in pious belief
and went to Saint John's Church
but something must have happened in his youth
for now he is quite dissipated and drunken
and expresses a preference
for the courtesans of Asia

-- Bruton Connors

Ilford, Essex, England